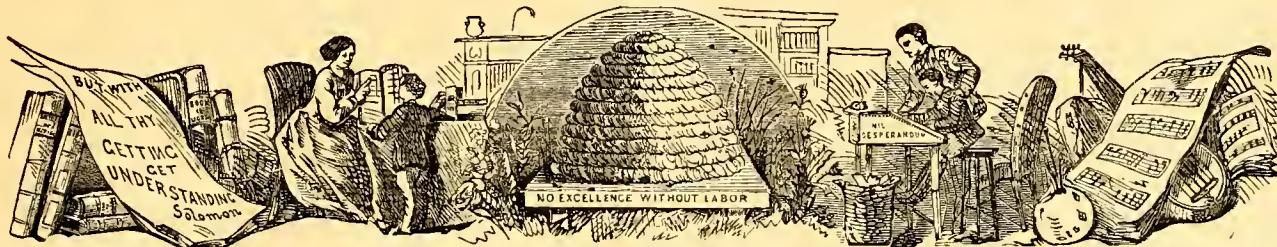


# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

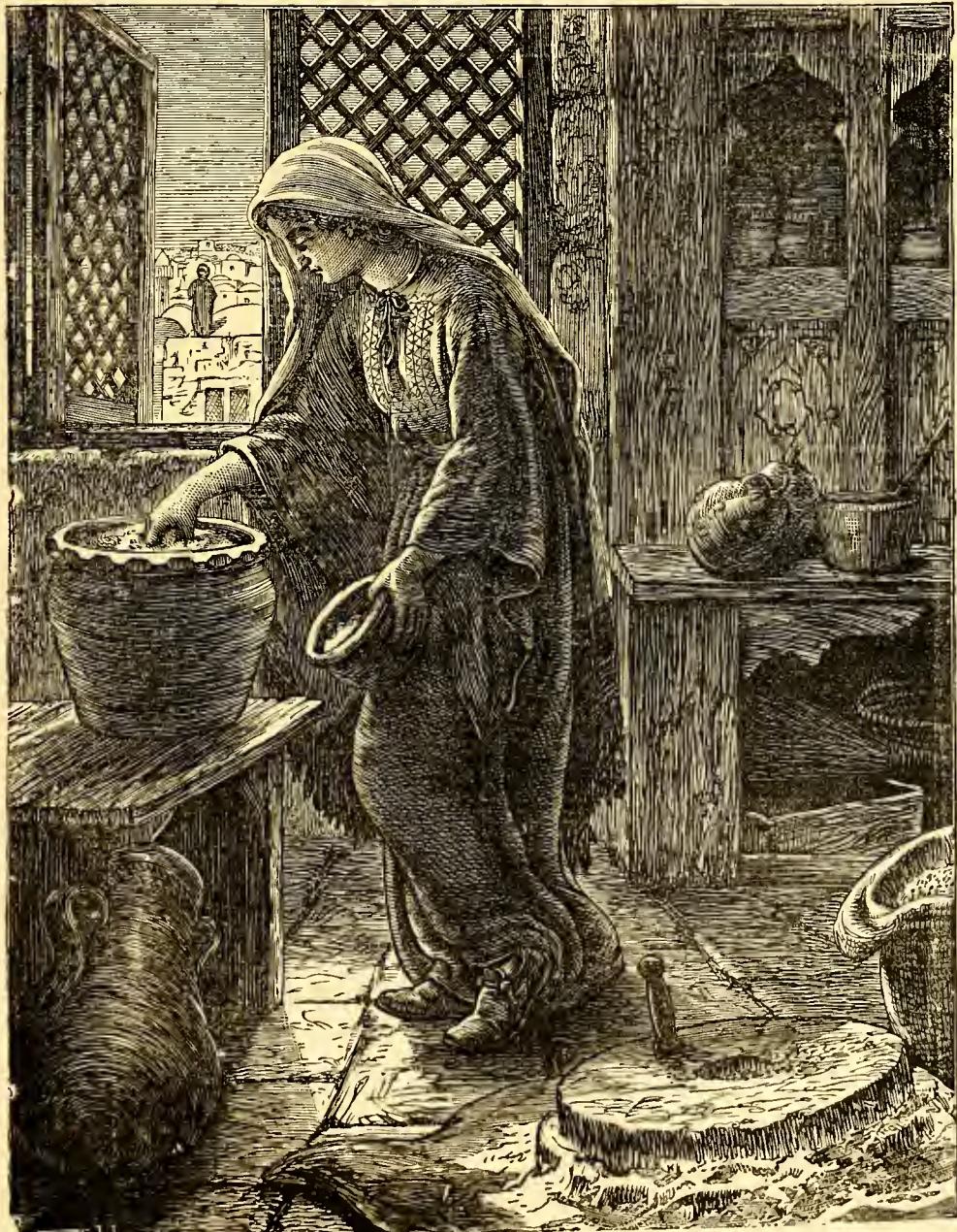


VOL. 9.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

NO. 13.

OUR engraving is a very beautiful and suggestive one. It conveys, at a glance, a vast amount of information with regard to manner and customs in the Bible lands. We can easily imagine the scene to be laid in modern Jerusalem, though were it not for the minaret or some Turkish mosque, seen through the half-opened window we might imagine, with propriety, that the picture was intended to represent Martha preparing a repast for Jesus, when He stayed with the family of Lazarus at Bethany, or some other devout woman ministering to the wants of the Savior; for there were many noble women in His day, who, while the scribes and Pharisees were mocking and persecuting



considered it an honor to receive Him into their houses and supply His needs.

Everything in our picture illustrates some phase of life in Palestine. On the floor we have the primitive hand flour mill so universally used in that land, and so often mentioned in the Scriptures. The never-to-be-neglected water bottle also occupies a prominent position near by. The lattice window, the style of the house, the shape of the cooking utensils and the fashion of the clothes of the woman, are exact types of these things, just as they are now and have been for ages in the Land of Promise. We catch a glance through the window of a man walking on the roof, be-

speaking the custom there in vogue of the people spending a great portion of their time on the house tops, where it is cooler and healthier than inside the houses or in the narrow, crooked streets below. How plainly the picture tells its story. The woman has been grinding some of the grain to be seen in the sack lying in the corner, and having finished the grinding has now taken the meal and is adding the leaven to make it into bread. This reminds us of one of the sayings of Jesus recorded in the "Gospel of St Mark." It there reads that our Savior said: "Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God? It is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." So we may judge from these words of Jesus that the kingdom of God on the earth, though small at first, will leaven the whole world with its principles of righteousness, until no man shall have to say to his neighbor: know ye the Lord? for all shall know Him, from the least even unto the greatest.

## Ancilates of Painters.

### SALVATOR ROSA.

*From Chambers' Miscellany.*

In the little village of Renella, situated at a short distance from the lovely city of Naples, lived a humble architect named Antonio Rosa. At the time of which we are writing, Italy was groaning under the tyranny of foreign princes, who levied taxes as they pleased, and who kept the people in subjection by means of foreign soldiers and domestic spies. Ignorance and misery prevailed throughout the land, agriculture was neglected, and trade and commerce were at a stand. No wonder, then, that Antonio Rosa suffered the most bitter poverty; his industry was of no avail, and his gains did not suffice for the support of his family, which consisted of two daughters. Towards the end of the year 1615, our hero, Salvator Rosa, was born; and as the birth of a male child is, by the Neapolitans, considered an especial blessing, the parents regarded this event as an auspicious omen. Antonio's next thought was to what trade he should bring up his boy. He had but one wish on the subject—namely, that his son should not be a painter; and effectually to prevent this, he yielded to his wife's proposition of dedicating him to the church. Accordingly, he was baptized in the little church of Renella by the name of Salvator, or Savior; and as he became older, he was taught to recite prayers in Latin, and obliged to make his first attempts at reading in a book containing the life of St. Catherine. But all his parents' teachings were unavailing; the young Salvator could not master the difficulties of theology and philosophy, but bent the whole power of his mind to the study of nature. He rambled about the country, sketching the scenery around him on odd scraps of paper, and on his return home, was generally punished by a long task of Latin prayers, which he was desired to learn by heart. His biographer tells us, that once when he was forbidden to leave his room, he seized some half-burned sticks, and covered the walls with beautiful drawings, much to the annoyance of his mother, who condemned him to do penance by attending all the services of the church during Lent. It is said that he once carried his sticks instead of his prayer book to church, and that he employed himself during service in filling every vacant place he could find with drawings. The sticks were immediately burned by the priest;

and Antonio, resolving to place his son beyond the reach of temptation, sent him to one of the religious schools at Naples. The beauties of literature were now opened to him, and he devoted his whole attention to the study of the ancient poets; but scarcely had he begun to enjoy these, when he was obliged to turn his thoughts to the history of martyrs and saints, and to the mysteries of theology. We do not know how he succeeded in these studies, but it is certain that he left college before his education was completed, and returned to the indigent home of his childhood.

Salvator's mind now took another bent. Naples was at this time the city of mu i. An English writer who resided there says "that even the husbandmen played on the guitar, and took their fiddle to the fields with them;" therefore we cannot be surprised at finding our hero following the general impulse. He not only composed the music, but also wrote the words of many songs; and we find that these were so popular, "that even the spinners and knitters used to chant them." His father and mother were dismayed at this newly awakened talent; but a yet greater disappointment was in store for them, for a domestic occurrence gave Salvator the opportunity of cultivating his natural talent, and he became, what his father had determined he should never be—a painter.

The beauty of Salvator's sister had captivated the heart of a young artist named Francanzani, who, seeing signs of talent in his brother-in-law, allowed him frequent access to his painting-room. Salvator's future course was now decided: the obstacles which lay before him only served to excite his ardor; and in his eighteenth year, this peasant youth left his home to seek his fortune in the world. He turned his steps toward the chain of mountains known by the name of the Abruzzi, in order to exercise his pencil among the recesses of these wild rocks. While wandering about here, he was taken prisoner by one of those troops of banditti which were at that time the terror of the neighborhood. During his captivity, he is supposed to have exercised his pencil; and there is at Paris a battle-piece, which shows, in its composition, that he certainly was not unacquainted with the mode in which these lawless people carried on their warfare. Whether Salvator escaped, or whether he was generously liberated from his captivity, is not known; but his Italian biographer informs us that he wandered about the country for some time, suffering the hardship of poverty. At length he returned home, and found his parents in a most miserable condition. A few days after, his father breathed his last in his arms, leaving to the young artist the task of supporting the family. Alas! his poverty was so great that he could not purchase the canvas on which to execute his designs; he was obliged to content himself with paper, and was accustomed to offer his productions to the keepers of stalls in one of the streets of Naples. The sum he received for them was hardly sufficient to buy bread for himself and his mother and sister; but nothing daunted, he steadily persevered, though too obscure to hope for the attention of any of the great painters who at that time flocked to Naples. At the head of these was Lanfranco, who had received an invitation to decorate the new church of Gesu.

*(To be Continued.)*

**THE UNSPOKEN WORD.**—The Arabs, who have many good proverbs, have one which is found true, and truer the more experience we have of life. "While the word is yet unspoken," they say, "you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you."

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

OUR cut illustrates a well known anecdote. A little terrier worn out by the assaults of a powerful tormentor sought refuge from his foe beside a sturdy mastiff, and in dog language sued for his protection. The bigger dog at once received the petitioner under his care, he seemed proud of the charge, and pleased that one of the weaker of his kind should seek his protection and put trust in his strength. Notice the picture; see how his very looks seem to say: "I am his guardian; touch him if you dare." We do not think that many boys or girls, or even animals, would like to accept the challenge. At any rate, the little dog's tormentor did not, and the little fellow escaped all further trouble from that source. Thanks to the courage and good sense of his big protector.

We all know that many dogs are noted for their sagacity, and as our young readers seldom tire of reading anecdotes of such, we append for their benefit the following, selected from a reliable source:

"An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which was in the habit of bringing customers to his master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a little poodle dog rubbing up against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself into the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself, and thus assist him in doing a paying business. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

The following is an instance of the sagacity of a shepherd dog, owned by a Scotch shepherd. The dog, which was called

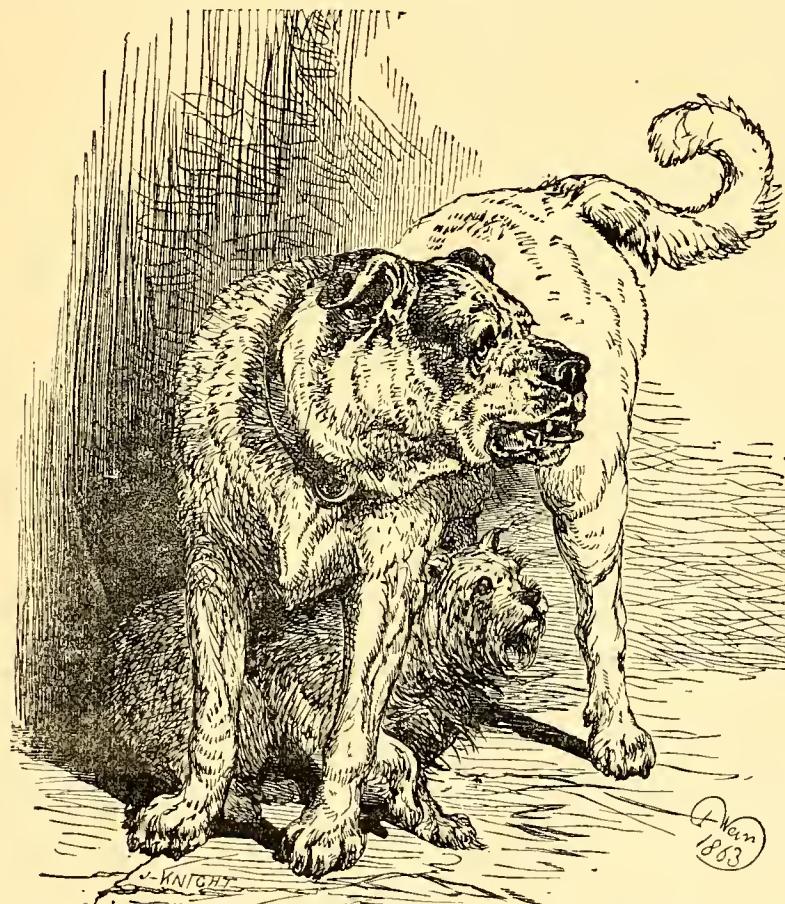
"Sirrah," was an animal of sullen disposition, and by no means favorable appearance, but was an extraordinary adept at managing a flock.

"About seven hundred lambs which were once under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' cried the shepherd, in great affliction, 'my man, they're a' awa!' The night was dark, so that he did not see 'Sirrah'; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words, and, without more ado, had silently set off in search of the recreant flock.

"Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge. They spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor 'Sirrah' could they obtain the slightest trace. They had no way (day having dawned) but to go to their master, and inform him that they had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what had become of any one of them.

"On their way home, however, they discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Flech Cleuch, and the indefatigable 'Sirrah' standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when they first came in view of them they concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs that 'Sirrah' had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was their astonishment when they discovered, by degrees, that not one lamb of

the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark was beyond their comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. The shepherd afterwards acknowledged that he never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as he did to his honest 'Sirrah' that morning."



A COUNTRYMAN engaged in sowing his ground, was noticed by two upstarts riding past, one of whom said in an insolent way, "Honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruit of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

# A Boy's Voyage Around the World.

BY G. M. O.

## OBSERVATIONS IN CHINA.

I RAMBLED daily among the san-pans (a peculiarly constructed boat) moored in teirs along the city front, on which lived hundreds of human beings of all ages and sexes, cramped and stowed away and densely packed in spaces so small it seemed impossible that they could live. I also sauntered into silk stores looking-glass and cabinet shops, cook shops, the markets, on the canals, into the grave yards, and the "Josh" temples and watched the devotee burning his "ching ching," in the public square where the adept performed his legerdemain antics before an admiring crowd, among weavers, tailors, builders, bankers and artizans. Their ways to me were new, but with them very old, for hundreds of years their business had been going on the same, from father to son, year after year. Nowhere did I see machinery; everything was done by hand as primitive as it could be done, yet what was done, was as neat and highly finished as it possibly could be, and with a patience truly surprising. Everybody seemed to be busy, industry was the order of the day, yet I never saw so many beggars or cripples in my life before. I was much surprised at the cheapness of everything, but on reflecting it was not astonishing. The competition in all kinds of trade, the economy displayed in all matters and under all circumstances, making the most of everything, utilizing and saving the scraps and odds and ends of everything, was still more surprising. I visited the theatre one morning, and during the afternoon witnessed a grand military review, which to me was the more interesting performance of the two. The officers and soldiers with their silk boots, paper hats and variegated dresses, wildly shouting and assuming ridiculous attitudes, made up not a bad representation of many of our own "Romeos" and "Don Caesars."

Of the many peculiarities of the Chinese, the most striking and original is his "tail." This mode of wearing the hair was imposed upon them by the Tartars, as a mark of subjugation. The Tae-ping rebels, viewing it in this light, allow their hair to grow. The loyal Chinaman regards it and cherishes it with almost a holy reverence. No punishment is felt more keenly or is more humiliating than the loss of his "tail." The head is shaved around the forehead and temples, leaving a circular patch growing on the crown to its full length. If the hair is not long enough to produce a good sized "tail," it is enlarged by adding silk to it, which is plaited on the hair. No Chinaman would think of venturing into company without having his head cleanly shaved; this is done about once a week. As for the face, he is not troubled much with beard. Owing to the numerous demands for head-shaving, barbering is quite a business in China. A man cannot dress his hair properly without aid, so that the traveling barber is a person of some importance; and you meet him every few steps. When you require his services, he puts down his load, arranges his implements and goes to work. He has a lump of steel, of a triangular shape, about two inches long and one inch wide, for a razor, a linen strop, a bamboo table and seat, a basin, tweezers, a supply of black silk to lengthen "tails," and a few locks of real hair to supply artificial "tails" when needed. The customers always hold the basin, to catch the hair clippings for the hair collector, who goes his daily rounds collecting in his basket. The long hair combed from women's heads is

made into false hair for the men; and the short pieces shaved from the men's heads are carefully utilized and used for manure, a little pinch being inserted or planted in the ground with each seed. It is always a mark of respect for a Chinaman to allow his "tail" to hang down his back; in fact, the right management of the "tail" is similar to the management of the hat among us. A Chinaman to enter a room or address himself to an equal without having his "tail" hanging down his back, would be thought as uncouth and boorish as would a European were he to go into a ladies' drawing room with his hat on his head. When at work, the "tail" is twisted around the head for convenience; but if a superior should pass, down go all the "tails" in an instant. The "tail" is never composed entirely of the hair of the wearer, being lengthened out with artificial hair and black silk.

The heads of the women are not shaven, but, on the contrary, additions are made to them in the shape of hair. When unmarried, it hangs down their backs in a long plait, similar to that of the men; but when married, it is dressed in various styles, the "butter-fly" and "tea-pot" forms being the most fashionable. To produce the many shapes and styles, they use false hair, a strong gum or cement made from wood shavings, wooden hair-pins and skewers, and artificial flowers. They powder their faces with a white substance produced from pulverized marble, and color their lips and cheeks with vermillion, and finish their toilet by painting a "beauty spot" on some part of the face; in fact the chief article of a Chinawoman's household is her dressing case. Her hair must be neat and trim, though her neck and hands are ever so dirty. The feet form the chief peculiarity of the women, that is with a vast number of them. They have their feet cramped by bandages, when young, into a condition of deformity, that makes them little more than pegs on which to walk. The feet of a full-grown woman do not exceed in size those of a child of ten years. The bandages are bound firmly around the foot, forcing the ball of the foot backward and the heel forward, making an arch shape. The four toes are bent under the foot, and so firmly pressed that in time they are almost lost, and the foot resembles a club foot. Repugnant as this is to our feelings, it is the delight of the Chinese, who call it the "golden lily." Plaster models of the "lilies" are sold in shops, but I had the curiosity to see the real foot. It was almost impossible to induce a woman to remove the bandages and exhibit the member, but, finally, after a great many trials, I succeeded in gratifying my curiosity, by paying a lady 17,500 mace (\$1,50). Running is out of the question, in fact, fast walking is impossible with such feet. The poor women go hobbling along, holding out their arms, and assisting themselves by holding to walls or other objects. Owing to the lack of motion to the toes and ankles, and the muscles which work them and form the calf of the leg, they gradually shrivel and waste away, until the leg, from the knee down, is but little larger than a broomstick. Disgusting as this deformity is to us, it is coveted by all of them; and those who have been fortunately, or, as they think, unfortunately, neglected in their youth, endeavor by wearing a peculiarly shaped shoe, to counterfeit the "golden lily." Of the origin of the custom, nothing is known. One legend attributes it to an empress named Tan-Key, who lived three thousand years ago, who had club feet by nature, and induced her husband to impose the same deformity on all his female subjects. Another legend is that a certain empress proving faithless, blamed it to her feet, when her husband had them amputated, that they might not lead her into bad company again. A popular legend attributes the custom to the

decease of Prince Le-yuh, who was, in consequence, condemned to seven hundred years in the infernal regions, making shoes.

Many of the Chinese of both sexes allow their nails to grow very long. This is a sign of rank, or a literary occupation, as the nails would be broken by any hard work. They are carefully oiled to prevent them from getting brittle, and cases of bamboo, silver and other precious materials are made for their protection. In the cut of the dress, the male and female, noble and fisherman, are similar; the coat and trousers being the principal articles, modified in material according to circumstances. The richness of material and beauty of work in some dresses covered with embroidery, no other country can equal. But dress is not a sign of rank in China. The simple little symbol, a spherical button, about as large as a marble, placed on the apex of a funnel-shaped hat, and the different colors and different materials of the buttons designate the rank. The possession of these buttons is an object of the highest ambition for a Chinaman, its value being increased by the fact that there is no hereditary rank in China. The much wished for button must be earned; it can neither be given as a favor or purchased. It can only be gained by passing through a series of rigid examinations, each increasing in severity; no candidate being permitted to compete for a higher rank, unless he can show a certificate gained in the rank below. The possession of the very lowest button exempts the wearer from military duty and from arrest by the police. He becomes one of the privileged classes, dresses in an official costume and is qualified to enter as candidate for higher honors. The order of the "blue ribbon" is designated by a plain red coral button. The very highest post of honor is denoted by a peacock's feather attached to the hat; the gradations of rank are classed by the number of eyes on the feather, three eyes denoting a rank second only to that of the emperor. All ranks and both sexes carry fans; they are made plain and ornamental, some of most costly and elegant workmanship. The materials generally used are paper, palm-leaf, wood, feathers, horn, silk, satin and ivory. The lantern is almost as characteristic as the fan. By law every one who goes abroad after dark must carry a lantern. Like the fans, they are of varied pattern and material.

The Chinese resemble the Tartars in many respects, yet, as a rule, they are less manly, having about them an air of inferiority, and lacking the determination that the Tartars possess. Of their social habits, the greatest novelty and most widely known is their use of "chop-sticks." This name is an invention by foreigners. "Kwai-tze," or nimble-lads, as the Celestial calls them, are two simple slips or rods of bamboo, wood, bone, ivory or silver, nine or ten inches long and about the thickness of a quill, slightly tapering towards the end. They are both held in the right hand in the following manner: One passes between the second and third finger, and is held stationary; the other is held lightly by the thumb and fore-finger, and is pressed against the point of the first, acting like pincers. Great adroitness is displayed in the use of the sticks. I have seen them pick up minute crumbs and grains of rice, with the utmost precision. Every Chinaman carries his chopstick case suspended from his girdle. Some of these cases are very beautiful.

Their food varies with the wealth of the individual. What a poor man would deem a luxury, a rich man would not think of eating. Rice, pickled crabs, bird-nests and tea are probably the articles most consumed. The much talked of "bird-nest soup" is not made of sticks and straw, as many people suppose, but is a gelatine-like substance, formed of masticated sea weed. When dissolved in warm water, it is very much like

Irish moss. The Chinese mode of preparing tea is different from ours; they put a little tea into a cup and pour boiling rain water on it, covering the saucer over it to prevent the aroma from escaping, and drink it immediately. Milk and sugar they never use. The very best tea is never sent out of China, and a foreigner cannot buy it there; it is not made for general sale, but kept for presents by the nobility. All classes drink tea, in fact, it is truly a national beverage.

(To be Continued.)

## Correspondence.

SMITHFIELD, CACHE CO.,  
June 15, 1874.

*Editor Juvenile Instructor.*

DEAR SIR:—On the 13th inst. our JUVENILES had a grand treat, in the shape of an excursion on the U. N. R. R. from this City to Brigham City. We left Smithfield at half past six a. m. with about two hundred, children and adults, a ride of ten minutes brought us to Hyde Park, where our number was swelled to three hundred we then traveled on, arriving in Brigham City at ten a. m., where we were met at the station by the Brigham City brass band and Sunday school, and marched to the Court House, in procession. There we spent an hour very pleasantly together, dismissed for dinner and spent the afternoon in visiting the various places of interest, amusing ourselves as best suited our varied inclinations. At four p. m. we left Brigham City for home, arriving at half past seven p. m., having had a pleasant ride of near 90 miles. Altogether, we spent the day very agreeably, having no accidents nor disagreements on the whole trip. To many it was their first ride in a railroad car, and their first trip out of Cache Valley.

Our Sabbath school is in a prosperous condition, numbering nearly three hundred. Some of the classes are examined every Sunday, in the different catechisms, in the INSTRUCTOR, and in Bible history in general. We are preparing for a grand Jubilee to be held in Logan, on the 24th of July.

May success attend the Sunday schools in Zion, and may the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR find its way to the homes of the children of the Saints, and be read and treasured up by all is the prayer of

Your Brother,

FRANCIS SHARP.

## SUNDAY LESSONS

### FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

#### LESSON VIII.

Q.—We have told you that when Jesus was upon the earth and established His church, it had twelve apostles. Has His church the same in these days?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Without these apostles could it be the true church of God?

A.—No.

Q.—Whom did the Lord call to take lead in establishing His church upon the earth in this dispensation?

A.—Joseph Smith.

Q.—How was the church organized by Joseph Smith?

A.—The same as by Jesus in His day.

Q.—Did Joseph know of himself how the church should be organized?

A.—No.

Q.—Who told him how it should be done?

A.—Heavenly angels.

He is a poor wretch, whose hopes are confined to this world.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

N our last number we were somewhat inquisitive with regard to the sources from whence we procured our food, and rather minutely scanned the viands on our breakfast tables. To-day we propose to take a passing glance at the clothing worn by two of our little friends, and learn how much of it was manufactured in the vales of Utah.

Our little friend with pants, jacket, hat and boots is soon examined. Not one iota of home-made goods can be found, from his hat ribbon to his shoe laces. True, his clothing might have been fashioned by the loving hands of his mother and sisters, but the material is the product of far eastern mills, tanneries, etc. The money to pay for all he wears, even to his buttons, has to be sent out of the country, and very little comes back to benefit us, or aid in establishing other and larger manufactures than we now possess.

And now, little Miss, let us see what you have on. Your dainty straw hat, with its bright flowing ribbons, is certainly imported from afar, though the same hat might most easily be manufactured, at any rate, within a thousand miles of Salt Lake City. Your apron of plaid nainsook or striped muslin, whichever you like to call it, and your neat calico frock have come a long distance. The frilling, too, which encircles your neck and arms, has, if we are any judge, been brought from Coventry, in England. Think of it! How wise to send from six to seven thousand miles for a little tape trimming or fancy edging! And yet we do this very thing. Your buttons, too, were made in Bohemia, so far off that perhaps some of you could not tell where it is. But look on the map, and there in Central Europe, between Germany and Austria, you will find it. Your "fancy shoes," we notice, have "Philadelphia" impressed on the sole, and your under-clothing, without being too impertinent, we may venture to assert, is not of home-made material, though, peradventure, a little home-made flannel might be found in its composition.

Cannot some of these things, to say the least, be produced and manufactured in Utah? Certainly. The men and the women are here who are skillful in these things. We know a neighbor of ours who made the bonnet and straw trimmings which Queen Victoria wore on a state occasion, when she reviewed some thousands of her troops in Hyde Park, London. Surely we do not insist on wearing finer clothing than a queen. It is the same with nearly every other trade; the best of workmen are here. What is now required is that we, for our mutual good, unite, firstly to produce, secondly to use all that can be produced and manufactured in these valleys that God has given us. Then we shall not give our strength to strangers, nor barter our portion to unbelievers.

WE have heard some men talk about obedience to the law of the gospel, as though it seemed to them an impossible thing for a man to be as much a free agent in keeping the

commands of God, as in disobeying them. When a man yields complete obedience to the will of the Lord in all things, some pretend to think that he must of necessity lose his free agency, and at once become a puppet for others to handle. Those who hold this idea must entertain a very low estimate of human nature, for they would have us believe that to love sin and delight in its practice is the natural condition of the human family; nor do they appear to be willing to admit that a man may freely and without constraint love God and keep His commandments. But we contend that the idea that the sinner is the only free agent is entirely false, and further that it is the sinner who is the slave; and he who dances on the devil's ground and keeps step to his music has to serve a hard task-master.

Again, we would ask, is the drunkard as free a man as he who keeps sober? Does the boy who swears use his agency any more freely than the one who prays? Does the girl who tells the truth lose her free agency, while the one who lies retains hers? If not, on what grounds can we assume that the obedient man uses his agency any less freely than he who chooses to disobey? Because a man or a youth chooses to serve God, and obey His laws, is he any less free in doing so than his unwise fellow, who prefers to live without God in the world? Cannot a man as freely serve God as he can the devil, and tread the path to heaven as voluntarily as he can descend the road to hell? We think so; why not?

The fact is that some who take no pleasure in doing the will of God, confound ideas when they talk about entire and unreserved obedience to God destroying man's free agency. They really mean that he who keeps God's laws has no license to sin; but it is this license to sin, and not the power, permission and opportunity to choose between right and wrong, that is withdrawn. A man is just as much a free agent in avoiding sin, as in committing it; in doing good, as in doing evil.

Some also contend that the fact of our bending our wills to the will of another is bartering away our manhood. We fail to see it in that light. If the God we served were the inferior of man, in wisdom and in power, like the dumb idols, there might be something unworthy of our manhood in stooping to obey His commands. Or, were his laws crude, incomplete, immoral or degrading, we might rebel, though we fear the majority of mankind would not do so; for the behests of Satan, which so great a number obey without complaint, are of this very description.

But the laws of the Lord are perfect; they are adapted to our eternal natures, and worthy of our divine origin; they are to us peace and salvation, and we see nothing unworthy of our manhood in choosing to obey them. It is they who reject so great a salvation, that manifest their blindness and folly, and show how great is their ignorance of true and heavenly wisdom.

Here some one may assert that he has not one word to say against a man being obedient to God, but it is this obedience to other men to which he objects. Who is meant by this expression "other men?" We reply, the holy priesthood—the servants of God. Just as well might a man say he believes in obeying the king, but does not believe in obeying his ambassadors, or his representatives. How can a man obey God and disobey the priesthood, who teach God's will? They are the channel of communication between heaven and earth; they are the mouth pieces of Jehovah, and when we hearken to them we obey Him.

Then, it may be asked, are they to whom we yield obedience of a truth the mouth pieces of God? For if we do know that they are so, then in honoring them we honor God, in obeying

their words we obey Him; or, on the other hand, in despising them we despise Him, in rejecting them we reject Him, to our own condemnation. Jesus said to His apostles: "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." And here we would remark, that the fact that others do not know that they to whom we yield obedience are the servants of the Most High, does not affect us. If we have received this knowledge, then the ignorance of others is nothing to us, nor shall we be answerable therefor if we do our duty. Inasmuch as a man has heard the voice of God, the testimony of a million that they did not hear it, is no proof to that man that God did not speak, and when we have a testimony within us, given by the Holy Spirit, that these men are God's servants, the question, so far as we are concerned, is beyond all human controversy. This being so, it matters not to our free agency whether we obey the words of the Lord, as they come direct from the mouth of a living apostle, or as we gather them from the record of His teachings handed down to us from generation to generation; but they who obey a living priesthood have this immense advantage, that they can receive the word of the Lord direct, as their circumstances and needs may require.

**A**GAIN we remind our patrons that this number ends the First Half of our present Volume. Those whose subscriptions expire at the present time, will oblige us by renewing them immediately. By delaying doing so, they will not only put us to extra trouble, but run a risk of not getting the Second Half of the Volume without subscribing for the entire Volume and taking the back numbers, as we shall not print any extra copies of the Second Half, and "First come, first served."

#### UTAH COUNTY JUBILEE.

**O**N Monday, the 15th inst., about five thousand persons assembled in Provo City, Utah County, under a large bowery. About three-fourths of them were children from the Sunday schools of the several towns of the County (Lehi and Fairfield excepted); the others were teachers, parents and visitors. The pleased, anxious, expectant look on the faces of the little ones told that the occasion was one of more than ordinary interest to them. Whatever the object might be of their assembling, it was plain to be seen that the children felt that their presence was of some importance, that they had a part to perform. They were not crowded off on the back seats, as children so often are in large assemblies, but occupied the centre of the bowery in front of the stand, while an air of responsibility was apparent on each happy face. But this could be accounted for when it was announced that they had come together after several weeks of practice at home, to hold a grand County Jubilee, and they, the Sunday school children, were to be the performers. Among the visitors were Presidents Brigham Young, Geo. A. Smith and D. H. Wells, and a number of others from Salt Lake City. In addition to the singing, recitations, comic speeches, etc., by the children, in which they acquitted themselves very creditably, short and appropriate speeches were made by the visitors mentioned and others. The proceedings were most entertaining throughout, and the children of Utah County will doubtless long remember their Jubilee at Provo.

The error of an hour may become the sorrow of a whole life.

#### THE CROWN OF THORNS.

**O**UR picture presents the Savior of the world to our view as a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, as the prophet Isaiah had long before foretold.

We learn from the writings of the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark and John, that at the time Jesus was delivered by the chief priests and others to Pilate, it was the custom for him to release, at the feast of the passover, some prisoner, whoever was desired by the people. Pilate, who could find no fault in Jesus, desired to release Him, but the multitude, led by the chief priests, elders and scribes clamored for Barabbas, a murderer, to be given to them.

And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him, to be crucified.



Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, which was called Praetorium, and they called together the whole band. These soldiers then stripped Him, and in mockery clothed Him with a purple robe, which color the emperors were alone permitted to wear, and they plaited a crown of thorns, and put it upon His head, and placed a reed in His right hand, and they bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him saying, "Hail King of the Jews."

Then they smote Him with their hands, and spit upon Him, and took the reed and smote Him on the head.

After they had mocked Him they took the purple robe off from Him, and put His own raiment on Him, and led Him away to crucify Him.

Our picture needs but little explanation. In it we see Jesus, in His suffering and humility. He sits in the midst of the crowd of Roman soldiers, clothed in the imperial purple. One of them is crowning Him king of the Jews, while the others bow in derision before Him. Little did those Roman soldiers think that the day would come when the whole world would have to bow to this same being, and own Him, not only King of the Jews, but Prince and Lord of all.

## Missionary Sketches.

### A SHIPWRECK.

BY AMASA POTTER.

ON the 31st day of September, 1855, we embarked on board the fine clipper ship *Julia Ann*, in the bay of Port Phillip, near the city of Sydney, Australia, bound for San Francisco, California. This ship had made two successive trips in the past year, loaded with Saints from the Australian mission.

As we passed out of the bay, the sea was smooth and the weather fine; all on board seemed to enjoy life, and in the evening a pleasant breeze was blowing from the land. By the next morning we had sailed one hundred and fifty miles. We passed Botany Bay, and could see the old fortress that the government erected, at the time that convicts were sent there from England.

Several days passed, and our little bark glided over waves at the rate of nine miles an hour; and we had every prospect of a pleasant and speedy voyage across the great Pacific. We passed the coast of New Zealand, and found the weather there squally and rough, but two days' sail brought us into the open sea again, without any injury to the ship.

Ten days afterwards we reached the equator, and experienced two days' calm, which time hung heavily on our hands, for we were impatient to accomplish our voyage, and reach our destination in safety. But, alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Our good little ship was not destined to carry us safely to shore, as the sequel proved.

We had on board seventy Saints, or persons who ought to have been Saints, but I must say that there was great quarreling and disputing, insomuch that we had incurred the displeasure of an offended God, an evidence of which we soon had, to our sorrow.

We had been sailing thirty-one days and were in the midst of many islands and coral reefs, when the fatal accident befel us which I am about to relate.

On the evening of that eventful day the sun set behind a thick black cloud, and Captain Bond remarked, "We must look out for breakers to-night, or we may have to swim without a boat." The night came on and all of the passengers went to bed and forgot what the captain had said about the islands around us.

Captain Bond was a very superstitious and visionary man, and believed all the tales of old Neptune and the mermaid.

Our captain did not go to bed on that terrible night, but walked the deck until two o'clock, when he came to the forecastle, and called out to the mates, "Get up, and call up all on board, for I am afraid that we are going to have a serious accident before morning." So the mate went around to the berths, and called up all on board; and when the passengers and crew had assembled on deck, Captain Bond said: "I know that something is going to happen to the ship, for I have heard a death bell ringing for the last two hours. At first it seemed to be a long distance away, but now it is close by the ship." The captain had scarcely uttered these words, when their came a shock with a sound like thunder, and the bows of our good ship rose out of water about eight feet; she had struck a coral reef! The captain called out at the top of his voice: "All hands save yourselves, as best you can!" He then cut the ropes that tied the life-boat, and let it down into the water; but it was full of cracks, and leaked very badly.

and, indeed, was a very poor thing at best. The ship swung around with her side to the reef, when a heavy wave struck her broadside, heaving her up on her side, so that all on deck were thrown on the rock, which was just covered with water. The ship lay in that position about eight minutes, when she rolled off into the sea, and sank to rise no more; leaving the passengers on a lone rock, in water up to their knees, and no land in sight. This happened about four o'clock in the morning, and it was still quite dark.

When daylight came we searched among our little band, to find out who was drowned, for we heard a call for help when the ship went down. We found that Sister Humphrey and her two boys, also Sister Harris and her child were missing. When the ship struck, Sister Humphrey was heard calling to Sister Harris: "I am very sick; do not leave me!" And the reply came: "I will not leave you; we have come together so far through peril; and if we have to die now, we will die together."

When the sun rose in the morning we could see a small low island, about eight miles distant. Our captain and the two mates and three others set out in the boat for the land. They succeeded in getting ashore, and found the land to be a low sand bar, not more than twelve feet above the level of the sea at the highest point. There was not a green spear of grass or vegetation of any kind, or even wood upon it; and when the captain returned to the rock, he found all hands in water up to their waists, for the tide had risen, and it seemed that all must be drowned. But here we witnessed a miracle, in answer to our prayers, for all prayed as the voice of one, that the waters might subside, and not come up any more until all could embark from the rock for the island. The water commenced and continued to subside until the rock was bare, and the water did not cover it any more for the space of three days, for we were that length of time getting all to the island.

When all had arrived on the shore our condition can better be imagined than described. We were all in our night clothes, and had not a change of garments. We had but a very little hard bread that had floated to the shore and that was soaked in the salt water. But worse than all, we were on a barren sand bar or island without a drop of fresh water to be found on it. Little children could be heard crying to their mothers and fathers in vain for bread and water, and there seemed no chance for us to escape death. We had been three days and four nights without food or water, and our men were all tired out with rowing the boat nine trips from the rock to the land. Their hands were blistered badly, and all were nearly ready to faint from the want of food and water.

All came together and offered up a prayer to God to open up the way that we might get food and water. Here we experienced another miracle. The following night a brother by the name of James Penfolde had a dream or vision in which he said that a glorious personage came to him and told him that if he would go to a lone rock, that was in the centre of the island, and dig a hole in the sand on the north side of the rock, he should find water that was good to drink, and that he should find a large turtle near that place, which we must kill for food; and the Lord would sanctify the meat of the turtle to the appetites of our company; and we must eat it raw for there was no wood on the island, nor anything that would burn to make a fire. He arose in the morning before it was yet daylight, and told his vision.

(To be Continued.)

## WELSH TRIADS.

THERE are three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in everything that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in a famine, well-water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish a fire, a homely wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three warnings from the grave—"thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the house-wife.

Three things seen in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.



## THE GOSPEL NET.

THE thirteenth chapter of the "Gospel of St. Matthew" contains a number of the parables of our Savior, which He spake unto the people of the cities of Galilee. It is one of these that our engraving illustrates. It is as follows:

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind; which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away."

You will notice that this is exactly what the fishermen are doing in our picture. They have been out to sea, have had a successful trip, have returned to the shore and landed their nets; the fish that are good for food are being placed in baskets, while all the useless and inferior kinds are being thrown away.

But how does the kingdom of heaven resemble this net cast into the sea? Our Savior in a few simple words, gives the interpretation. He explains that:

"So shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from the just, and shall

cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

From this parable we learn that when the servants of the Lord, who are compared by Jesus to fishers of men, go forth and preach the gospel, they will gather persons of every kind, who for various motives will join the church of God—the pure in heart because they love the truth, others for varied and less noble motives. These will all be caught in the gospel net, just as we find them to-day, and all will continue together for some

THE water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. So it is with true friendship. Those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

time, but at the end of the world a day of separation will come when the just shall be honored and exalted, and the unjust will be cast out of the presence of God, to a place of utter darkness, where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth. This day, glorious to the good, but awful to the wicked, is not far off and none of us can escape its terrors or its joys.

When Jesus had finished the interpretation of the parable, He said to His disciples, "Have ye understood all these things? They answered, Yea, Lord. Then said he unto them, Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."

## CACHE VALLEY SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY BETH.

WHAT a lovely valley they have at Cache! What clear, sparkling, delicious water! What green, refreshing foliage for the eye to rest upon! What fairy-like nooks on the hillsides! They have a place there called "Paradise." No wonder at it!

This is Logan. What a beautiful city! They are getting a bowery ready for the Sunday School children to be entertained in. At the railway station cars are being made into carriages to bring the little ones from the surrounding settlements. What pleasing anticipations there must be.

I wonder if there are many children in this neighborhood.

"Yes, Mr. Beth;" said a gentleman much interested in Sabbath Schools, "there are some thousands; we expect two or three thousand here next Wednesday, and, what is more, they are good children hereabouts. I frequently, in fact constantly, visit the different Sunday Schools and find the children attentive, intelligent and full of ambition to learn. You would be surprised, I am, to see the order that prevails and the interest maintained during examinations; from the smallest to the largest there is a desire to excel. Not that there is any jealousy among them; it seems to be a pure spirit of emulation to impart information, rather than to 'show off' their superiority."

This certainly is a desirable condition of things. How gratifying it must be to the teachers! It must greatly lighten their labors, too.

"Yes; there is no doubt of that," replied the gentleman. "The chief difficulty in schools is to awaken the interest of the children; this appears to have been done here; this is how I account for the order that exists. When I see children absorbed in their studies, not looking around when a stranger enters the room, respectful to their teachers and to each other, punctual in their attendance at school, cheerful and unconstrained in their manners, I am apt to think there is very little wrong in the discipline of such a school; and I am happy to say this gives you a fair picture of the condition of our Sunday Schools."

For once, Mr. Beth has forgotton to say or scarcely think anything about "Our Museum." What with information about the methods pursued in giving subjects from the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and the other good books for children to read, reflect and speak upon, not in the dull, old-fashioned, prosy way they did fifty years ago, but with power to think of and understand that which is read; not to repeat like parrots, but like little men and women to ascertain and tell the meaning of their lessons, it is not won-

derful that coins and other antiquities were forgotton. Who can tell what latent fires of genius are burning in those young bosoms? Who can calculate the effects of culture upon the human mind amid such happy circumstances, environed by such glorious surroundings? Fortunate teachers to have such pupils, fortunate pupils to have such teachers! Who can calculate the value of the results that will be wrought out by the simple, but practical, because natural, methods adopted in imparting instruction in our Cache Valley Sunday Schools.

## CHARADE.

BY J. L. B.

THEY kneel and listen to a solemn charge. 'Tis done!  
Emotions of the pent up bosom burst  
Forth in words of tenderness, and two are one.  
They are—my first.

There is a "first law" that the poet mentions,  
And, doubtless, as the most important reckon'd,  
For wisdom it surpasses man's inventions.  
That is—my second.

That which the martyr'd prophet Joseph taught,  
To elevate and bless the human soul,  
Is now, to-day, with the same blessings fraught!  
That is—my whole.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 11 is Rainbow. We have received correct solutions from Lizzie Stanford, Ogden; S. N. Lee, Brigham City; C. A. Allred, St. Charles; Chas. Reynolds, Jno. D. Irvine, Alexander Wright, and S. Christensen, Salt Lake City.

WE shall be pleased to receive poetical answers to the Charade which we publish in the present number. If our young readers who have a turn for writing poetry choose to make the effort, we will publish the contribution of the one who excels

QUARRELING.—If anything in the world will make a person feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No person ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse blunts his sensibilities on the one hand and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably we get on the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a person cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company, and if he slanders you, take care to live so that no one will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrong we meet.

It is not always safe to judge by outward appearances. Rags may cover nobility; poverty is often the home of greatness. The surface does not always indicate the centre; the smile that seems to sit so gracefully on the lip, not unfrequently disguises the bitterest of gall.

A PASSIONATE person makes himself disagreeable to others without adding any to his own enjoyment. Control your temper and make yourself and others happy.

## Questions and Answers

### ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

#### REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

##### LESSON LXVI.

Q.—What did Zeezrom do when he was baptized?  
 A.—He began to preach unto the people.  
 Q.—What did Alma do next?  
 A.—He established the church in Sidom.  
 Q.—Whom did he appoint to baptize those who would repent?  
 A.—He consecrated priests and teachers.  
 Q.—Did many of the people repent?  
 A.—Yes; they flocked from all about Sidom to be baptized.  
 Q.—How was it with the people of Ammonihah?  
 A.—They remained hard-hearted, and would not repent.  
 Q.—According to the order of Nehor what was their belief about repentance?  
 A.—They did not believe in the repentance of their sins.  
 Q.—Did Amulek continue with Alma?  
 A.—Yes; he forsook all his precious things in Ammonihah for the word of God.  
 Q.—How did his kindred treat him?  
 A.—He was rejected by all of his family.  
 Q.—What was the feeling with the people of Sidom?  
 A.—They felt humble, and assembled often to pray for deliverance from Satan and from destruction.  
 Q.—When Alma noticed this feeling what did he do?  
 A.—He took Amulek with him and went into the land of Zarahemla.  
 Q.—What did he do to Amulek?  
 A.—He took him to his house and comforted him in his tribulations.  
 Q.—What came to pass in the eleventh year of the reign of the judges?  
 A.—There was a cry of war throughout the land.  
 Q.—What time of the year was this?  
 A.—On the fifth day of the second month.  
 Q.—What caused this war?  
 A.—The Lamanites came into the land, and began to destroy the city and people of Ammonihah.  
 Q.—Before the Nephites could raise a sufficient army, what did the Lamanites do?  
 A.—They destroyed the city of Ammonihah and slew some of the inhabitants around Noah, and took some prisoners into the wilderness.  
 Q.—What did the Nephites desire to do?  
 A.—To recover those who were taken captives.  
 Q.—Who was appointed chief captain of the armies of the Nephites?  
 A.—Zoram.  
 Q.—How many sons did he have?  
 A.—Two.  
 Q.—What were their names?  
 A.—Lehi and Aha.  
 Q.—What did Zoram and his sons go to ask Alma?  
 A.—If the Lord was willing that they should go in search of their brethren.  
 Q.—What did Alma do?  
 A.—He enquired of the Lord concerning the matter.  
 Q.—What word did Alma bring Zoram?  
 A.—That the Lamanites would cross the river Sidom beyond the borders of the land of Manti.  
 Q.—What were the Nephites to do?  
 A.—To go up and meet the Lamanites.  
 Q.—What promise did the Lord make?  
 A.—That He would deliver the captives who had been taken by the Lamanites.

## Questions and Answers

### ON THE BIBLE.

#### HISTORY OF MOSES CONTINUED.

##### LESSON LXVI.

Q.—What did the Lord reply, when Moses asked Him to set a man over the congregation in his place?  
 A.—“Take thee Joshua, the son of Nun, a man in whom is the spirit, and lay thine hand upon him.”  
 Q.—Did Moses do as the Lord commanded him?  
 A.—Yes, he took Joshua, and set him before Eleazer the priest, and before all the congregation, and laid his hands upon him, and gave him a charge.  
 Q.—What people did the Lord require to be destroyed before Moses should die?  
 A.—The Midianites.  
 Q.—Why did the Lord give this command?  
 A.—Because the Midianites were a wicked people, and led the children of Israel astray from the commandments of God.  
 Q.—How many of the kings of the Midianites were slain?  
 A.—Five  
 Q.—Who also was slain with the sword?  
 A.—Balaam.  
 Q.—What was done with the spoil taken in battle from the Midianites?  
 A.—Moses and Eleazer the priest divided it as the Lord commanded Moses.  
 Q.—What was done with the jewels of gold, chains, bracelets rings, earrings and tablets taken by the men of war?  
 A.—Moses and Eleazer brought them into the tabernacle, for a memorial for the children of Israel before the Lord.  
 Q.—What tribes had a very great multitude of cattle?  
 A.—Reuben and Gad.  
 Q.—What land was given them, at their request?  
 A.—The land of Gilead.  
 Q.—On which side of the river Jordan was the land of Gilead situated?  
 A.—On the east side.  
 Q.—On what condition was that land given to Reuben and Gad?  
 A.—That they send their men of war over Jordan, to subdue the land.  
 Q.—Did any other portion of the children of Israel have the land of Gilead given to them?  
 A.—Yes, half the tribe of Manasseh, the son of Joseph, were granted inheritances there.  
 Q.—How many journeyings of the children of Israel did Moses describe according to their goings out?  
 A.—Forty-two.  
 Q.—What people were the children of Israel to drive out of the land, when they passed over Jordan?  
 A.—The Canaanites.  
 Q.—Who were the leading men appointed to divide the land to the children of Israel for their inheritances?  
 A.—Eleazer the priest, and Joshua, the son of Nun.  
 Q.—Who else were appointed?  
 A.—One prince of every tribe.  
 Q.—How many cities were to be given to the Levites?  
 A.—Forty-eight.  
 Q.—How many of these were to be cities of refuge?  
 A.—Six.  
 Q.—How much land were they to have outside of their cities, for suburbs?  
 A.—A thousand cubits round about, for their cattle, and for their goods, and for all their beasts.  
 Q.—How were the inheritances of the daughters of Israel to be secured?  
 A.—By their marrying only in the tribe to which they belonged.

## THE WORLD'S JUBILEE.

[TUNE:—"The Hazel Dell."]

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW.

QUARTETTE  
&  
CHORUS.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY PROF. C. J. THOMAS.

The tide of time is ebbing low, The wheels of change roll  
fast; Hark! the heralds of salvation blow The gospel trump's loud  
blast; Our God, the source of life and love, To earth His care ex -  
tends—Re - veals the law the hosts above In holy union blends.

A - wake, awake, let the nations hear Je - hovah's firm de - cree, To a -  
bolish sin, and usher in the world's great Ju - bi - lee.

Immortal garlands crown the day  
On which brave men of God,  
Who pioneer'd the desert way  
First in this valley trod.  
From here, the "little stone" will roll—  
"The kingdom" spread abroad,  
Till peace shall reign from pole to pole,  
And all acknowledge God.

The "iron horse" and "lightning wires"  
Their mutual pow'rs combine;  
And man's vile wrath, o'erruled, conspires  
To aid the great design.  
O'er mountain tops swell high the strain—  
To every land proclaim,  
The voice of God is heard again;  
Shout, glory to his name.